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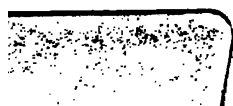
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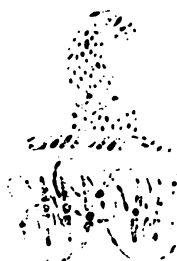
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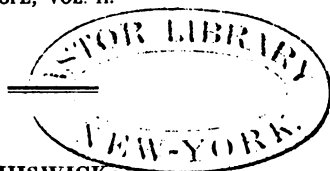
THE
BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

XLI.

POPE, VOL. II.



CHISWICK:

Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE;

FOR J. CARPENTER, J. BOOKER, RODWELL AND MARTIN,
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1822.

27-



THE
POEMS

OF

Alexander Pope.

VOL. II.

Chiswick:

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.



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POEMS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

AN
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1709.

PART I.

Introduction.—That it is as great a fault to judge ill as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public.—That a true taste is as rare to be found as a true genius.—That most men are born with some taste, but spoiled by false education.—The multitude of critics, and causes of them.—That we are to study our own taste, and know the limits of it.—Nature the best guide of judgment.—Improved by art and rules, which are but methodized Nature.—Rules derived from the practice of the ancient poets.—That therefore the ancients are necessary to be studied by a critic, particularly Homer and Virgil.—Of licences, and the use of them by the ancients.—Reverence due to the ancients, and praise of them.

Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is the' offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense;

Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
right:

But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools:
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets, pass'd;
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last.

Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal;
 To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning, go;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid power of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit;
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confined to single parts.
 Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more;
 Each might his several province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same:
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchanged, and universal light,

Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides :
In some fair body thus the' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills, the whole ;
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in the' effects, remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use :
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed,
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed :
The winged courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old, discover'd not devised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodised :
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules in-
dites,

When to repress and when indulge our flights :
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod :
Held from afar, aloft, the' immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from
Heaven.

The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved

But following wits from that intention stray'd ;
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid ;
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'pothecaries taught the art
 By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey ;
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they :
 Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made ;
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would
 Know well each ancient's proper character ; [steer,
 His fable, subject, scope, in every page ;
 Religion, country, genius of his age :
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night ;
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
 bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compared, his text peruse ;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
 A work to' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :
 But when to' examine every part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
To copy Nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry ; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky license answer to the full
The' intent proposed, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend ;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus some objects please our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But though the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have
made)
Moderns, beware ! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end ;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need ;
And have at least the precedent to plead :
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, e'en in them seem faults.
 Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which but proportion'd to their light or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display
 His powers in equal ranks and fair array,
 But with the' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream..

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,
 Secure from flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
 Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring!
 In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
 And fill the general chorus of mankind.
 Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days,
 Immortal heirs of universal praise!
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 O may some spark of your celestial fire
 The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights,
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 To' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

PART II.

Causes hindering a true judgment.—Pride.—Imperfect learning.—Judging by parts, and not by the whole.—Critics in wit, language, versification, only.—Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire.—Partiality—too much love to a sect—to the ancients or moderns.—Prejudice or prevention.—Singularity.—Inconstancy.—Party spirit.—Envy.—Against envy, and in praise of good-nature.—When severity is chiefly to be used by critics.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever Nature has in worth denied
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense:
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of every friend—and every foe.
 A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;

But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise !
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky !
The' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way ;
The' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the' exactness of peculiar parts ;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to the' admiring eyes ;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear ;
The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend ;

And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To' avoid great errors must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discoursed on terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage,
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.

Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities, what not;
All which exact to rule were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.

'What! leave the combat out?' exclaims the
knight.

'Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.'—

'Not so, by Heaven! (he answers in a rage)
Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the
stage.'

'So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.'—

'Then build a new, or act it on a plain.'

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas, and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glittering thoughts struck out at every line ;
 Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;
 Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit :
 For works may have more wit than does them good,
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
 And value books, as women men, for dress :
 Their praise is still—' the style is excellent ;'
 The sense they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on every place ;
 The face of Nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay ;
 But true expression, like the' unchanging sun,
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon ;
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent as more suitable.
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court.

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Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
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 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent as more suitable.
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court.

Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the'unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress'd.
In words as fashions the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms con-
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire; [spire,
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear;
Not mend their minds, as some to church repair
Not for the doctrine but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find 'the cooling western bréeze,'
In the next line, it 'whispers through the trees';
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with 'sleep';
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow,
 And praise the easy vigour of a line [join.
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar,
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to
 throw,

The line too labours, and the words move slow :
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise, [main.
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
 While at each change the son of Libyan Jove,
 Now burns with glory and then melts with love ;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
 Who still are pleased too little or too much.
 At every trifle scorn to take offence ;
 That always shows great pride or little sense :
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve :

As things seem large which we through mists
Dulness is ever apt to magnify. [descry,

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality;
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starved hackney sonnetteer or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd, by being singular;

So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
 So schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
 But always think the last opinion right.
 A Muse by these is like a mistress used,
 This hour she's idolized, the next abused;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
 Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.
 Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
 Who knew most sentences was deepest read:
 Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted.
 Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain
 Amid their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.
 If faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
 Oft leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit;
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.
 Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men.
 Parties in wit attend on those of state,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux:

But sense survived when merry jests were pass'd;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise :
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true ;
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
The' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;
But e'en those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas ! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits survived a thousand years :
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all e'en that can boast :
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand ;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away !

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings :
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-lived vanity is lost ;
 Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
 What is this wit, which must our cares employ ?
 The owner's wife that other men enjoy ;
 Then most our trouble still when most admired,
 And still the more we give, the more required ;
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please ; [ease,
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun ;
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

If Wit so much from Ignorance undergo,
 Ah, let not Learning too commence its foe !
 Of old those met rewards who could excel,
 And such were praised who but endeavour'd well :
 Though triumphs were to generals only due,
 Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
 Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down ;
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools ;
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill author is as bad a friend.
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise !
 Ah ! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
 Good nature and good sense must ever join ;
 To err, is human ; to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
 Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain,

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind ;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase :

When love was all an easy monarch's care ;
Seldom at council, never in a war ;
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ ;
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit ;
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away ;
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blush'd before.
The following license of a foreign reign.
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights
dispute,

Lest God himself should seem too absolute :
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatterer there !
Encouraged thus, Wit's Titans braved the skies,
And the press groan'd with licensed blasphemies.
These monsters, critics ! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice :
All seems infected that the' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

PART III.

Rules for the conduct and manners in a critic.—Candour.—Modesty.—Good-breeding.—Sincerity and freedom of advice.—When one's counsel is to be restrained.—Character of an incorrigible poet.—And of an impertinent critic.—Character of a good critic.—The history of criticism, and characters of the best critics: Aristotle.—Horace.—Dionysius.—Petronius.—Quintilian.—Longinus.—Of the decay of criticism, and its revival.—Erasmus.—Vida.—Boileau.—Lord Roscommon, &c.—Conclusion.

LEARN then what morals critics ought to show ;
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join ;
In all you speak let truth and candour shine ;
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence ;
Some positive persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong will needs be always so ;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do :
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding truth is disapproved ;
That only makes superior sense beloved.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensured, to be dull :
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.

Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators; [more
Whom when they praise, the world believes no
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain ;
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write ?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !

Such shameless bards we have ; and yet 'tis true
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
 With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend:
 Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets
 mend?

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
 yard:

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbiass'd or by favour or by spite,
 Not dully prepossess'd nor blindly right;
 Though learn'd, well-bred, and though well-bred,
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe; [sincere;
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfined,
 A knowledge both of books and humankind;
 Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics; such the happy few
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian star.

Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit
Who conquer'd nature should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And, without method, talks us into sense ;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure as he boldly writ,
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire ;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm :
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line !

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd.
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged in order, and disposed with grace ;
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus ! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire :
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great sublime he draws.
Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd :

Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
 And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew ;
 From the same foes at last both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
 With Tyranny then Superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslaved the mind ;
 Much was believed, but little understood,
 And to be dull was construed to be good :
 A second deluge Learning thus o'erran,
 And the monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
 (The glory of the priesthood, and the shame !)
 Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see ! each Muse in Leo's golden days
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays ;
 Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
 Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive ;
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live ;
 With sweeter notes each rising temple rung ;
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung :
 Immortal Vida ! on whose honour'd brow
 The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow !
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
 As next in place to Mantua, next in fame !

But soon by impious arms from Latium chased,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd ;
 Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
 But critic-learning flourish'd most in France ;
 The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised,
 And kept unconquer'd and uncivilized ;

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presumed and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restored Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell
'Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.'
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit, but his own.
Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert,
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive;
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content if hence the' unlearn'd their wants may
view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew;
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

AN
ESSAY ON MAN.

In Four Epistles to Lord Bolingbroke.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) 'come home to men's business and bosoms,' I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature, and his state; since to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points; there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of

doctrines seemingly opposite; in passing over terms utterly unintelligible; and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general map of man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connexion, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow: consequently these epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage: to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

Argument.

Of man in the abstract.—1. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things.—2. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown.—3. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends.—4. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations.—5. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural.—6. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfection of the angels, and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable.—7. That throughout the whole visible world an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason: that reason alone countervails all the other faculties.—8. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed.—9. The extravagance, madness, and pride, of such a desire.—10. The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings;

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man ;
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
A wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous
shoot,

Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield ;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar ;
Eye Nature's works, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise ;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

1. Say first, of God above or man below
What can we reason, but from what we know ?
Of man what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer ?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be
known,

'Tis our's to trace him only in our own.
He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied beings people every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are :
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee ?

2. Presumptuous man ! the reason wouldst thou find,

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?
Ask of thy mother-earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade ?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises rise in due degree ;
Then in the scale of reasoning life 'tis plain
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man ;
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this,—If God has placed him wrong ?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use :
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal :
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. [strains

When the proud steed shall know why man re-
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god ;
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;

Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say rather man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge measured to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter soon or late, or here or there?
The bless'd to-day is as completely so
As who began a thousand years ago. [fate,

3. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be bless'd.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;

His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be content's his natural desire ;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

4. Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such ;
Say here he gives too little, there too much ;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there,
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the' Eternal Cause.

5. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use ?—Pride answers, 'Tis for
mine :

For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;

Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew ;
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.'

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests
sweep

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?
' No, ('tis replied) the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial but by general laws ;
The' exceptions few ; some changes since all began ;
And what created perfect ? — Why then man ?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates ; and can man do less ?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires ;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's de-
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline ? [sign,
Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning
forms,

Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?
From pride, from pride our very reasoning springs ;
Account for moral as for natural things :
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit ?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;

That never air or ocean felt the wind :
That never passion discomposed the mind :
But all subsists by elemental strife ;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in man. [soar,

6. What would this man ? Now upward will he
And little less than angel, would be more ;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all ?
Nature to these without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd ;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
All in exact proportion to the state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone ?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not bless'd with all ?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the Heaven ?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore ?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?

If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stann'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

7. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental, powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam!
Of smell, the headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How Instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and Reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how allied!
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?

8. See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick and bursting into birth.

Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures etherial, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void, [stroy'd:
Where, one step broken, the great scale's de-
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee,
Vile worm?—O madness! pride! impiety!

9. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:

That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the' etherial frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

10. Cease then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

Argument.

1. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature ; his powers and frailties.—The limits of his capacity.—2. The two principles of man, self-love, and reason, both necessary.—Self-love the stronger, and why.—Their end the same.—3. The passions, and their use.—The predominant passion, and its force.—Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes.—Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature ; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident : what is the office of reason.—5. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it.—6. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections.—How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men : how useful they are to society ; and to the individuals, in every state, and every age of life.
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1. KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great ;
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest ;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast
In doubt his mind or body to prefer
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much :
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
Still by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd ;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wondrous creature ! mount where science
guides ;

Go, measure Earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun ;
Go, soar with Plato to the' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God ;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun,
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton, as we show an ape.

Could He, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind ?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end ?
Alas ! what wonder ! man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art ;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves by passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide :
First strip off all her equipage of pride ;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or Learning's luxury, or idleness ;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain :
Expunge the whole, or lop the' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts ;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come !

2. Two principles in human nature reign,
Self-love to urge, and Reason to restrain ;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all ;
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all good, to their improper—ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end ;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its object's nigh ;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
That sees immediate good by present sense ;
Reason the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments temptations throng ;
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour;
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

3. Modes of Self-love the passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :
These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
But what composes man can man destroy ?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road ;
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train ;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain ;
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind ;
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise ;
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
On different senses different objects strike ;
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame ;
And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath
Receives the lurking principle of death,
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength ;

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion, came ;
Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul ;
Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,
As the mind opens and its functions spread,

Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse ;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse ;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power,
As heaven's bless'd beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some favourite still obey :
Ah ! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made ;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong :
So when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd ;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard ;
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe :
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends :
Like varying winds, by other passions toss'd,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ;
Through life 'tis follow'd, e'en at life's expense ;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

The' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle :

'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd ;
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one interest' body acts with mind.

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear ;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
See anger zeal and fortitude supply ;
Even avarice, prudence, sloth, philosophy ;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;
Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
Nor virtue male or female can we name,
But what will grow on pride or grow on shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied :
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

4. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide ?—the God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce ;
In man they join to some mysterious use ;
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well-wrought picture light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

5. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where the' extreme of vice was ne'er agreed :
Ask where's the north ?—at York 'tis on the Tweed ;
In Scotland at the Orcades ; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he ;
E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own ;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the' extreme, but all in the degree :
'The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And e'en the best by fits what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ;
For vice or virtue self directs it still ;
Each individual seeks a several goal ;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the
whole :

That counterworks each folly and caprice ;
That disappoints the' effect of every vice ;
That happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,

Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind!

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign;
Taught, half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away,
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd, the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:

Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age :
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
'Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile, Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by Hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride :
These build as fast as Knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is given in vain :
Even mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess one comfort still must rise ;
'Tis this,—Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT
TO SOCIETY.

Argument.

1. The whole universe one system of society.—Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another.—The happiness of animals mutual.—2. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual.—Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals.—3. How far society carried by instinct;—how much farther by reason.—4. Of that which is called the state of nature.—Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts;—and in the forms of society.—5. Origin of political societies;—origin of monarchy;—patriarchal government.—6. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love;—origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear.—The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good.—Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle.—Mixed government.—Various forms of each, and the true end of all.

HERE then we rest:—‘the Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.’
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day,
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

1. Lookround our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form’d and impell’d its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good:

See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving, vegetate again :
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least,
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;
All served, all serving ; nothing stands alone ;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn :
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?—
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?—
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?—
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?—
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know Nature's children all divide her care ;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, ' See all things for my use !'
' See man for mine !' replies a pamper'd goose :
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control,
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole :
Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?—
Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride :
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And till he ends the being, makes it bless'd ;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before ;
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er !

To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :
To man imparts it, but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle ! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

2. Whether with reason or with instinct bless'd,
Know all enjoy that power which suits them best ;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.

Say, where full Instinct is the' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when press'd,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit,
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This, too, serves always; Reason, never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

3. God in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
But as he framed the whole the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So, from the first, eternal Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickeneth ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the
 deeps,

Or pours profuse on earth, one Nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace :
They love themselves a third time in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend ;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care ;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds another race.

A longer care man's helpless kind demands ;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest and the love ;
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintain'd, habitual those :
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
Memory and Forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
While Pleasure, Gratitude, and Hope combined,
Still spread the interest, and preserved the kind.

4. Nor think in Nature's state they blindly trod ;
The state of Nature was the reign of God :
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.

Pride then was not, nor arts that pride to aid ;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;
The same his table, and the same his bed ;
No murder clothed him, and no murder fed :
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
Theshrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd,
Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
Of half that live, the butcher and the tomb ;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds ;
The fury passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art !
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part :
Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—
' Go, from the creatures thy instructions take ;
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind :
Here subterranean works and cities see ;
There towns ærial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;

How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods adored.'

5. Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd, the name of king unknown,
Till common interest placed the sway in one.
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

6. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch sat
King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of the' abyss profound,
Or fetch the' aërial eagle to the ground ;
Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they revered as God to mourn as man :
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explored
One great first Father, and that first adored :
Or plain tradition, that this *all* begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son ;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one.
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all the' allegiance then,
For Nature knew no right divine in men ;
No ill could fear in God, and understood
A sovereign being but a sovereign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran ;
That was but love of God, and this of man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms un-
done,

The' enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
To' invert the world, and counterwork its cause?—
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law ;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects, made :
She, midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd
the ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they;
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust:
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
And Hell was built on spite, and Heaven on pride:
Then sacred seem'd the' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe. [just,
So drives Self-love through just and through un-
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love in all becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forced into virtue thus by self defence,
E'en kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head, or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of humankind,

of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the fourth book of the *Dunciad*; and up and down, occasionally, in the other three.

The third book, in like manner, was to resume the subject of the third epistle of the first, which treats of man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an epic poem, as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The fourth and last book was to pursue the subject of the fourth epistle of the first, and to treat of ethics, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members, of which the four following epistles were detached portions: the two first, on the characters of men and women, being the introductory part of this concluding book.

EPISTLE I.

To Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

Argument.

1. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly.—General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional.—Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself.—Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c.—The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by.—Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves.—Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent.—The same man utterly different in different places and seasons.—Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest.—Nothing constant and certain but God and nature.—No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions.—Yet to form characters we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy.—Characters given according to the rank of men of the world; and some reason for it.—Education alters the nature, or at least the character, of many.—Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature.—3. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions.—Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio¹.—A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind.—Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath.

PART I.

YES, you despise the man to books confined,
Who from his study rails at humankind;

¹ Wharton.

Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries 'cuckold, whore, and
knave ;'

Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the' observer's sake ;
To written wisdom, as another's, less :
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein.
Shall only man be taken in the gross ?

• Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess ;
Next, that he varies from himself no less ;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds ?
Quick whirls and shifting eddies of our minds.
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man :
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more ; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd, through our passions shown ;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way :
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft in the passions' wild rotation toss'd,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,
And what comes then, is master of the field.
As the least image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought :
Something as dim to our internal view
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known ;
Others so very close, they're hid from none ;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight ;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves :
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find ;
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind :
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole ;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull flat falsehood serves for policy ;
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie :
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise :
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man in vigour, in the gout,
 Alone, in company, in place, or out ;
 Early at business, and at hazard late,
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate,
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball,
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall !

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks who endures a knave is next a knave,
 Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
 A rogue with venison to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head, all interests weigh'd,
 All Europe saved, yet Britain not betray'd ?
 He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
 Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.

• What made (say Montaigne, or more sage Char-
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ? [ron)
 A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,
 A godless regent tremble at a star ?
 The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
 Faithless through piety, and duped through wit ?
 Europe a woman, child, or dotard, rule ;
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?

Know, God and Nature only are the same :
 In man the judgment shoots at flying game,
 A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found ;
 Now in the moon, perhaps, now under ground,

PART II.

IN vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
 Would from the' apparent *what* conclude the *why*,

Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what we chanced, was what we meant to do.
Behold ! if Fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns :
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state.
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions show the man : we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind ;
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast ;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat ;
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great ;
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave ;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise ;
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can ;
The few that glare each character must mark ;
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree ?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?
Alas ! in truth the man but changed his mind ;
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat ?
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk ?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove
One action, conduct, one heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ;
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn :
 A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;
 A gownman learn'd ; a bishop what you will ;
 Wise if a minister ; but if a king,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every
 thing.

Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
 Born where Heaven's influence scarce can pene-
 In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like, [trate.
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
 Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his power,
 And justly set the gem above the flower.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire ;
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
 Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave.
 Is he a churchman ?—then he's fond of power :
 A quaker ?—sly : a presbyterian ?—sour :
 A smart freethinker ?—all things in an hour.
 Ask men's opinion : Scoto now shall tell
 How trade increases, and the world goes well :
 Strike off his pension by the setting sun,
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

The gay freethinker, a fine talker once,
 What turns him now a stupid silent dunce ?
 Some god or spirit he has lately found,
 Or chanced to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature ?—habit can efface,
 Interest o'ercome, or policy take place :

By actions ?—those uncertainty divides :
By passions ?—these dissimulation hides :
Opinions ?—they still take a wider range :
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

PART III.

SEARCH then the ruling passion : there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess'd.
Wharton ! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies :
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too :
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt ;
And most contemptible to shun contempt ;
His passion still to covet general praise ;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;

A constant bounty, which no friend has made ;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind ;
Too rash for thought, for action too refined ;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
A rebel to the very king he loves ;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great !
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule ?—
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain ;
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet in this search the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store,
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore,
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends ; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain the' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this : it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom pass'd,
And totter on in business to the last ;
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Shoved from the wall, perhaps, or rudely press'd
 By his own son, that passes by unblest;
 Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
 And envies every sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
 The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.
 'Mercy! (cries Helluo) mercy on my soul!
 Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl.'

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
 Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
 Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
 For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

'Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
 No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
 Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face:
 One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
 And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.'

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined
 An humble servant to all humankind, [stir,
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
 'If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir?'

'I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
 And sigh'd) my lands and tenements to Ned.'
 'Your money, sir?'—'My money, sir, what, all?
 Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.'
 'The manor, sir!'—'The manor! hold, (he cried)
 'Not that—I cannot part with that'—and died.

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;
 Such in those moments as in all the past,
 'O save my country, Heaven!' shall be your last.

EPISTLE II.

To a Lady.

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

Argument.

That the particular characters of women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves.—Instances of contrarieties given, even from such characters as are more strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent: as, 1. In the affected.—2. In the soft-natured.—3. In the cunning and artful.—4. In the whimsical.—5. In the lewd and vicious.—6. In the witty and refined.—7. In the stupid and simple.—The former part having shown that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform.—This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity.—What are the aims and the fate of this sex:—1. As to power.—2. As to pleasure.—Advice for their true interest.—The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 ‘ Most women have no characters at all :’
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish’d by black, brown, or fair.
 How many pictures of one nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true !
 Arcadia’s countess here, in ermined pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side :
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there a naked Leda with a swan.

Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye ;
Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine ;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air ;
Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock,
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask :
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buz, and fly-blow, in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend ;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her Calista proved her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden she storms ! she raves ! you tip the wink ;
But spare your censure ; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose ;
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papilia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—' How charming is a park !'
A park is purchased ; but the fair he sees
All bathed in tears—' Oh, odious, odious trees !'

Ladies, like variegated tulips show ;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe :
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.

'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Awed without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise:
Strange graces still, and stranger flights, she had;
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child;
Has e'en been proved to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres:
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns,
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at the heart.

See sin in state, majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault;
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fired her bosom or her brain?—
Cæsar and Tallboy, Charles and Charlemagne.

•

As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of haut-goût, and the tip of taste,
Critiqued your wine, and analyzed your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat ;
So Philomedé, lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refined,
The' address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray ;
To toast our wants and wishes is her way ;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing ' while we live to live :'
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul !
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind ?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wise wretch ! with pleasures too refined to please ;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease ;
With too much quickness ever to be taught ;
With too much thinking to have common thought ;
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate ;
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate :
Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends :
Or her whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion or a prayer :
Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)
Cries, ' Ah ! how charming if there's no such place !'
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears ;
The daily anodyne and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.

Woman and fool are too hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules:
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade;
The wisest fool much time has ever made:
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified except her rage:
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her provokes revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate.
Superiors?—death! and equals?—what a curse!
But an inferior not dependent?—worse!
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live;
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress,
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!

Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir :
To heirs unknown descends the' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.

Pictures, like these, dear madam ! to design,
Asks no firm hand and no unerring line ;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke, alone can hit them right ;
For how should equal colours do the knack ?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?

‘ Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.’—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
‘ With every pleasing, every prudent, part,
Say, what can Chloe want ?’—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought,
But never never reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmoved,
As never yet to love or to be loved.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest ;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heaven ! a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel !—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear ;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead ?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise ?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish'd out and made a queen;
The same for ever! and described by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
The' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God or king.
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mahomet or plain parson Hale.

But grant in public men sometimes are shown;
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In women two almost divide the kind;
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience this: by man's oppression cursed,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men some to business, some to pleasure take ;
But every woman is at heart a rake :
Men some to quiet, some to public strife ;
But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !
Power all their end, but beauty all the means.
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage ;
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great !
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone ;
Worn out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet, flying, and regret when lost :
At last to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend ;
Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
Reduced to feign it when they give no more.
As hags hold sabbaths less for joy than spite,
So these their merry miserable night ;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

See how the world its veterans rewards !
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot !

Ah, friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine !
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing.
So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

O ! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to day ;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys ;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille ;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though china fall.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;
Picks from each sex to make the favourite bless'd,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest ;
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools ;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new :
Shakes all together, and produces—you.

Be this a woman's fame ; with this unblest'd,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.

This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
'The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

To Allen Lord Bathurst.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

Argument.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion.—The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind.—That riches either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities.—That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose.—Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men.—That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions.—How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable.—How a prodigal does the same.—The due medium and true use of riches.—The Man of Ross.—The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples ; both miserable in life and in death.—The story of Sir Balaam.

P. WHO shall decide when doctors disagree,
 And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
 You hold the word from Jove to Momus given,
 That man was made the standing jest of Heaven;
 And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
 For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
 (And surely Heaven and I are of a mind)
 Opine that Nature, as in duty bound,
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
 But when by man's audacious labour won
 Flamed forth this rival to its sire the sun,

Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has pass'd,
We find our tenets just the same at last :

Both fairly owning riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven, or token of the' elect ;
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

B. What Nature wants, commodious gold be-
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows. [stows ;

P. But how unequal it bestows observe ;
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it starve :
What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust :
Useful I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend.

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid.

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.

In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
' Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.'

Bless'd paper-credit ! last and best supply !
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly !
Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings ;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore ;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow ;

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 But when by man's audacious hand
 Flamed forth this rival sun,

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Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings ;

A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,

Or ship to some distant shore ;

A leaf shall scatter to and fro

As the winds shall blow ;

Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And, silent, sells a king or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see
Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and squires
confound,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round? [spoil!
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would
Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levee roar.'

Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind:
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly, crying coals from street to street,
Whom, with a wig so wild and mien so mazed,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman crazed.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs? [hogs,
His grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head:
To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfumed and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh, filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade,—quadrille!
Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
Whatsay you? B. Say? Why, take it, gold and all.

P. What riches give us, let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat,
clothes, and fire.

Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? To dying Hopkins, heirs?
To Chartres, vigour? Japhet, nose and ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all the' embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?—
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife.
But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.
To some indeed Heaven grants a happier fate
To' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool.
' God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves'—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffers thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.

P. Some war, some plague or famine, they fore-
Some revelation hid from you and me. [see,
Why Shylock wants a meal the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on venison, when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryn  the whole auction buys?
Phryn  fores es a general excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?—
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold.
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in the' Asturian mines.

Much-injured Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate;—
' At length corruption, like a general flood,
(So long by watchful ministers withstood)
Shall deluge all; and avarice, creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist and blot the sun;
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown:
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms, [arms!
And France revenged of Anne's and Edward's

'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener! fired thy
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain : [brain,
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

' All this is madness,' cries a sober sage:—
' But who, my friend, has reason in his rage!
The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.'
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame
Than e'en that passion, if it has no aim ;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all. [sends,

Hear then the truth:—' 'Tis Heaven each passion
And different men directs to different ends.
Extremes in Nature equal good produce ;
Extremes in man concur to general use.'
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ?—
That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow ;
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain ;
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives the eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;
This year a reservoir to keep and spare,
The next a fountain spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:

What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored,
With soups unbought, and salads, bless'd his board?
If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
Than bramins, saints, and sages, did before:
To cram the rich was prodigal expense;
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn the' unwilling steeds another way;
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the saved candle and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat,
Not so his son; he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right:
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow is a task indeed!)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious squire and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws;
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and liberty that crown the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The silvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.

To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold trainbands, and burns a pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils !
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause ;
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
To' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude ;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy magnificence ;
With splendour, charity ; with plenty, health ;
O teach us, Bathurst ! yet unspoil'd by wealth !
That secret rare, between the' extremes to move
Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd be bounty
given,
And ease or emulate the care of Heaven :
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused,
As poison heals in just proportion used :
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispersed, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats ?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that
cheats.

Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon ?
Whose table Wit or modest Merit share,
Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player !
Who copies yours or Oxford's better part,
To ease the' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart ?

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And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown :
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms, [arms !'
And France revenged of Anne's and Edward's

'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener! fired thy
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain : [brain,
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

' All this is madness,' cries a sober sage :—
' But who, my friend, has reason in his rage!
The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.'
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame
Than e'en that passion, if it has no aim ;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all. [sends,

Hear then the truth :—' 'Tis Heaven each passion
And different men directs to different ends.
Extremes in Nature equal good produce ;
Extremes in man concur to general use.'
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ?—
That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow ;
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain ;
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives the eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;
This year a reservoir to keep and spare,
The next a fountain spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :

What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored,
Withsoups unbought, and salads, bless'd his board?
If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
Than bramins, saints, and sages, did before :
To cram the rich was prodigal expense ;
And who would take the poor from Providence ?
Like some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall ;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round ;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn the' unwilling steeds another way ;
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the saved candle and unopening door ;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat,
Not so his son ; he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right :
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow is a task indeed !)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious squire and deep divine !
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws ;
His oxen perish in his country's cause ;
'Tis George and liberty that crown the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The silvans groan—no matter—for the fleet :
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands ;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.

To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold trainbands, and burns a pope.
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils !
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause ;
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
 To' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
 Not meanly nor ambitiously pursued,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude ;
 To balance fortune by a just expense,
 Join with economy magnificence ;
 With splendour, charity ; with plenty, health ;
 O teach us, Bathurst ! yet unspoil'd by wealth !
 That secret rare, between the' extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd be bounty
 given,
 And ease or emulate the care of Heaven :
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
 Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused,
 As poison heals in just proportion used :
 In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
 But well dispersed, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats ?
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that
 cheats.

Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
 Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon ?
 Whose table Wit or modest Merit share,
 Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player !
 Who copies yours or Oxford's better part,
 To ease the' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart ?

Where'er he shines, O Fortune ! gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean !
There English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leave the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross ?
Rise, honest Muse : and sing the Man of Ross :
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow ?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?
Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise ?
' The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread :
He feeds yon almshouse, neat but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate :
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick ? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance ? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more :
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do !
O say, what sums that generous hand supply ?
What mines to swell that boundless charity ?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd five hundred pounds a-year.
Blush, grandeur, blush ! proud courts, withdraw
your blaze ;

Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays. .

B. And what ? no monument, inscription, stone,
His race, his form, his name almost unknown ?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name :
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history ;
Enough that virtue fill'd the space between ;
Proved by the ends of being to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who living saved a candle's end :
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands ;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend !
And see what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas ! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim !
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store !
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.

There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!

His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advised him, 'Live like me.'
As well his grace replied, 'Like you, Sir John?
That I can do when all I have is gone!'

Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler! was confess'd;
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall;
For very want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power;
For very want he could not pay a dower.
A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd;
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What, e'en denied a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel,—the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim—

'Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name?'

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepared?
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tired—I'll tell a tale.—*B.* Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding solemnized the Lord's:

Constant at church and 'Change; his gains were
sure;

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Roused by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint and cracks his jokes.
'Live like yourself,' was soon my lady's word;
And, lo! two puddings smoked upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledged it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought;
'I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice.'

The tempter saw his time; the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit;
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn:
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:

Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight ;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite ;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in Saint James's air :
First for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies :
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife ;
She bears a coronet and pox for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner Saint Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play ; so bad her chance,
He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France :
The house impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown :
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

To Richard Hoyle, Earl of Burlington.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

Argument.

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste.—That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense.—The chief proof of it is to follow nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it.—How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will but be perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous.—A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony, of the whole.—And the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently.—A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments.—Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind.—[Recurring to what is laid down in the first book, ep. ii. and in the epistle preceding this.]—What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men.—And, finally, the great and public works which become a prince.

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
 Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
 His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats :
He buys for Topham drawings and designs ;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins ;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself ? no more
Than his fine wife, alas ! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted ?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ?
Some demon whisper'd, ' Visto ! have a taste.'
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule. .
See sportive Fate, to punish awkward Pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide :
A standing sermon at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence !

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use ;
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules,
Fill half the land with imitating fools ;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take ;
And of one beauty many blunders make ;
Load some vain church with old theatric state ;
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate ;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole eked with ends of wall,
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, laced with bits of rustic, makes a front ;
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door :
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear ;
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous e'en to taste—'tis sense ;
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven ;
A light which in yourself you must perceive ;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let Nature never be forgot ;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare ;
Let not each beauty every where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all ;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall ;
Or helps the' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale ;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades ;
Now breaks, or now directs, the' intending lines ;
Paints as you plant, and as you work designs.

Still follow sense, of every art the soul ;
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start e'en from difficulty, strike from chance :
Nature shall join you : Time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

Without it, proud Versailles ! thy glory falls,
And Nero's terraces desert their walls :

The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake :
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
E'en in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Doctor Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet,
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of
A waving glow the bloomy beds display, [light:
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more:
Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds, at last, he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleased Sabinus
Or sat delighted in the thickening shade, [stray'd,
With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an opener vista loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day;
Where all cry out, 'What sums are thrown away!'
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:

Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect shivering at a breeze !
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two cupids squirt before : a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call ;
On every side you look, behold the wall !
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ;
With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade ;
Here Amphitritè sails through myrtle bowers,
There gladiators fight or die in flowers ;
Unwater'd see the drooping seahorse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen :
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat ;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
thighs,

Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His study ! with what authors is it stored ?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord ;
To all their dated backs he turns you round ;
These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound !
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows,—but they are wood !
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look ;
These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer :
Like quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

But, hark ! the chiming clocks to dinner call ;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall :
The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew, to wash your face.
Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ?
No, 'tis a temple and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tired, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve ;
I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed ;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The labourer bears : what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,

Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?—
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad if he increase;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You, too, proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend,
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land:
These honours peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

EPISTLE V.

To Mr. Addison.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
 Imperial wonders raised on nations spoil'd,
 Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr
 Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods, [toil'd:
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods;
 Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
 Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!
 Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage:
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And papal piety, and gothic fire.
 Perhaps, by its own ruins saved from flame,
 Some buried marble half preserves a name:
 That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
 The faithless column and the crumbling bust;
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore
 to shore,
 Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
 Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
 A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
 Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
The' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage;
These pleased the fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison:

Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore another Pollio shine ;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,—
'Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the Muse he loved.'

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

1708.

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing ;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre !
 In a sadly pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain ;
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound ;
While, in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear :
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies :
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats ;

Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds ;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes ;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms !
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main :
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms :
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade ;
And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms !

But when through all the' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,

Love, strong as death, the poet led

To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,

What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts !

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans,

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortured ghosts !

But, hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;

And, see ! the tortured ghosts respire ;

See, shady forms advance !

Thy stone, O Sisyphus ! stands still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance ;

The furies sink upon their iron beds, [heads.

And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their

By the streams that ever flow,

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er the' Elysian flowers ;

By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of asphodel,

Or amaranthine bowers ;

By the heroes' armed shades,

Glittering through the gloomy glades ;

By the youths that died for love,

Wandering in the myrtle grove,

Restore, restore Eurydice to life ;
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife !—

He sung, and Hell consented

To hear the poet's prayer :

Stern Proserpine relented,

And gave him back the fair.

Thus song could prevail

O'er Death and o'er Hell,

A conquest how hard and how glorious !

Though Fate had fast bound her,

With Styx nine times round her,

Yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes ;

Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !

How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?

No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,

Beside the falls of fountains,

Or where Hebrus wanders,

Rolling in meanders,

All alone,

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan ;

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost !

Now with Furies surrounded,

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodope's snows :

See, wild as the winds o'er the desert he flies ;

Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals'
cries—

Ah see, he dies !

But when through all the' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,

Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts !

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans,

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortured ghosts !

But, hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;

And, see ! the tortured ghosts respire ;

See, shady forms advance !

Thy stone, O Sisyphus ! stands still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance ;

The furies sink upon their iron beds, [heads.

And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their

By the streams that ever flow,

By the fragrant winds that blow

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By those happy souls who dwell

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 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost !
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows :
See, wild as the winds o'er the desert he flies ;
Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals'
 cries—

Ah see, he dies !

Yet e'en in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue ;
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And Fate's severest rage disarm :
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please :
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 The' immortal powers incline their ear ;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And angels lean from Heaven to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell ;
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given :
 His numbers raised a shade from Hell,
 Her's lift the soul to Heaven.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS ABOUT TWELVE
 YEARS OLD.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Bless'd who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day :

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation ;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die :
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ODE.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying ;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature ! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

TWO CHORUSES

TO

THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

Chorus of Athenians.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal sages taught:
Where heavenly visions Plato fired,
And Epicurus lay inspired!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

O heaven-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;

Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral truth and mystic song !
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly ?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore ?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more ?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust ;
Perhaps e'en Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore :
See arts her savage sons control,
And Athens rising near the pole !
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods ! what justice rules the ball ?
Freedom and arts together fall ;
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
Oh, cursed effects of civil hate,
In every age, in every state !
Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

SEMICHORUS.

O tyrant Love ; hast thou possess'd
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast ?
Wisdom and Wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.

Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But, entering, learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire
Which Nature hath impress'd ?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and generous breast ?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve ;
The gods and Brutus bend to Love :
Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love ? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wandering, self-consuming fire.
But Hymén's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one :
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of every social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy !
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend !
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise ;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
Or views his smiling progeny ;

What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move !
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With reverence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence, guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
 Hence, false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine.
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure ;
 Sacred Hymen ! these are thine.

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. ADDISON'S CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ;
 To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold ;
 For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through every age :
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
 In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :

He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
E'en when proud Cæsar, midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;
As her dead father's reverend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;
The triumph ceased, tears gush'd from every eye ;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;
Her last good man dejected Romé adored,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons ! attend : be worth like this approved,
And show you have the virtue to be moved.
With honest scorn the first famed Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she sub-
dued :

Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO

MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

(Designed for Mrs. Oldfield.)

PRODIGIOUS this! the frail one of our play
 From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cried,
 'The play may pass—but that strange creature,
 Shore,

I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—'
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
 So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
 'How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!'
 But let me die, all raillery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
 And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
 We'd be the best good-natured things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
 Such rage without betrays the fire within;
 In some close corner of the soul they sin;
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
 Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
 The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
 Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners?
 Faith, gallants! board with saints, and bed with
 sinners.

Well, if our author in his wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly loved his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Though with the stoic chief our stage may ring,
The stoic husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And loved his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:
There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA.

BY POPE AND MALLET¹.

WHEN learning, after the long Gothic night,
 Fair, o'er the western world, renew'd its light,
 With arts arising, Sophonisba rose :
 The tragic Muse, returning, wept her woes.
 With her the' Italian scene first learn'd to glow ;
 And the first tears for her were taught to flow.
 Her charms the Gallic Muses next inspired :
 Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fired.
 What foreign theatres with pride have shown,
 Britain, by juster title, makes her own.
 When freedom is the cause, 'tis hers to fight ;
 And hers, when freedom is the theme, to write.
 For this a British author bids again
 The heroine rise, to grace the British scene.
 Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame :
 She asks, what bosom has not felt the same ?
 Asks of the British youth—Is silence there ?
 She dares to ask it of the British fair.

To-night our homespun author would be true,
 At once, to nature, history, and you.
 Well pleased to give our neighbours due applause,
 He owns their learning, but disdains their laws.
 Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,
 'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame.
 If France excel him in one freeborn thought,
 The man, as well as poet, is in fault.

¹ I have been told by Savage, that of the Prologue to Sophonisba, the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it ; and that the concluding lines were written by Mallet.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Nature! informer of the poet's art,
 Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart,
 Thou art his guide; each passion, every line,
 Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine.
 Be thou his judge: in every candid breast,
 Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

ELEGY,

TO

The Memory of an unfortunate Lady.

WHAT beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
 'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
 Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
 Is it, in Heaven, a crime to love too well?
 To bear too tender, or to firm a heart,
 To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
 Who bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
 Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes,
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
 Thence to their images on earth it flows,
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
 And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.
 From these, perhaps, (ere nature bade her die)
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
 As into air the purer spirits flow,
 And separate from their kindred dregs below,
 So flew the soul to this congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
 See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of Death;
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long funerals blacken all the way)
 Lo! these were they whose souls their furies steel'd,
 And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
 For other's good, or melt at other's woe.

What can atone (oh, ever-injured shade!)
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!

What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show ?
 What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast ;
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot :
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee :
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
 Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Even he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays ;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart ;
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou be loved no more !

EPISTLES.

TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND
MORTIMER¹.

SUCH were the notes thy once-loved poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld and lost! admired and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in every strain!
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!

For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despised the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dexterous the craving, fawning crowd, to quit,
And pleased to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays;
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

¹ Sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems, published by our author after the Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

And sure if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine ;
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade :
'Tis hers the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the' obliged desert, and all the vain,
She waits, or to the scaffold or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
Even now she shades thy evening walk with bays ;
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
E'en now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

1720.

A SOUL as full of worth as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide,
Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
A face untaught to feign ; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery.

All this thou wert ; and being this before,
 Know kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
 Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
 Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise ;
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
 Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Ashamed of any friend, not e'en of me :
 The patriot's plain but untrod path pursue ;
 If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.

TO

MR. JERVAS.

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S ART
 OF PAINTING ¹.

THIS verse be thine, my friend ! nor thou refuse
 This from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
 Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
 Where life awakes, and dawns at every line,
 Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
 And from the canvass call the mimic face ;
 Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
 Fresnoy's close art and Dryden's native fire ;
 And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
 So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name ;
 Like them to shine through long succèding age,
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame ;

¹ This epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and
light.

How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceived away!
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft review: each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend!

What flattering scenes our wandering fancy
wrought,

Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps, methinks we fly,
Fired with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade.
While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew,
Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye;
A fading fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy loved Guido's air,
Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small well-polish'd gem, the work of years²!
Yet still how faint by precept is express'd
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;

² Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his poem.

Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire;
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage,
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower, that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

O! lasting as those colours may they shine!
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line:
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay:
Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains,
And finish'd more through happiness than pains.
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die;
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preservest a face, and I a name.

TO MISS BLOUNT.

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

1717.

IN these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,
And all the writer lives in every line;
His easy art may happy nature seem;
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleased the fair and great:
Still with esteem no less conversed than read;
With wit well-natured, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,
His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;
Till Fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress'd,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
E'en rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The truest hearts for Voiture heaved with sighs;
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach:
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular;
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place.

Critics in wit or life are hard to please ;
Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex is by their forms confined,
Severe to all, but most to womankind ;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide ;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride ;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame,
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place :
Well might you wish for change by those accursed ;
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal or in real chains :
Whole years neglected for some months adored,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah ! quit not the free innocence of life
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife ;
Nor let false shows nor empty titles please :
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders' mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing !
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part ;
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destined Hymen's willing victim too,
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those age or sickness, soon or late, disarms ;
Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.

Love raised on beauty will like that decay,
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day,
 As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
 A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early care¹ still shone the same,
 And Monthausier was only changed in name:
 By this e'en now they live, e'en now they charm,
 Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle on the' Elysian coast,
 Amid those lovers joys his gentle ghost;
 Pleased while with smiles his happy lines you view,
 And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
 The brightest eyes of France inspired his Muse;
 The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
 And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

TO THE SAME.

ON

HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION.

1715.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
 Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:

¹ Mademoiselle Paulet.

Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;
Not that their pleasures caused her discontent ;
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went to plain work, and to purling brooks,
Old fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks :
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and prayers three hours a day ;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire ;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to Heaven.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack ;
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—no words !
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the stable ;
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table ;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are
coarse,

And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade ;
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
See coronations rise on every green :
Before you pass the' imaginary sights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes ;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.

Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagued with headachs or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
Vex'd to be still in town I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious Moore! are we
Deceived by shows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
E'er since our grandam's evil;
She first conversed with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the Devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,
The blockhead is a slow-worm;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies
That flutter for a day:
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
Thus worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms; silk-worms, beaux;
And death-watches, physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch Lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat e'en thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
E'en Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

TO MRS. M. B.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

OH, be thou bless'd with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend:
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve let every blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain some sad reflection more:
Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death, unfelt, that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN.

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepared to die,
With not one sin but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.

Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table with a cloth of bays ;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast, his towering genius marks
In yonder wild-goose and the larks !
The mushrooms show his wit was sudden !
And for his judgment, lo, a pudden !
Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be every birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner ;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

THE
TEMPLE OF FAME.

1711.

Advertisement.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title.

IN that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and
skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanced hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;

Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,
There towery cities, and the forests green ;
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes ;
There trees and intermingled temples rise :
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gazed around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore :
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way ;
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued ;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promised they should last.
Some fresh engraved appear'd of wits renown'd :
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place :
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt the' approaches of too warm a sun ;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.

There names inscribed unnumber'd ages pass'd
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on the' impassive ice the lightnings play ;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop the' incumbent sky :
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.

Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure, but of equal grace :
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities raised, or tamed a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace :
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield :
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds the' Hesperian spoil :

Here Orpheus sings ; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire !
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall :
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing towers, like exhalations, rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread the' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name :
There in long robes the royal magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand ;
The sage Chaldeans robed in white appear'd,
And brachmans, deep in desert woods revered.
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd the' unbodied
shades

To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades ;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
Of talismans and sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour,
Superior and alone Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science,—to be good.
But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measured earth, described the starry spheres,
And traced the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew :
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold ;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.

Between the statues obelisks were placed,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics graced.

Of gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.
There huge colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were graved around :
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and bards, (their onceloud harps unstrung)
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face ;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies :
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Raised on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd :
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals :
As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait ;
Graved o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe reversed, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.

High on a throne, with trophies charged, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdued ;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Libyan god.
There Cæsar, graced with both Minervas, shone ;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
Unmoved, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought :
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train ; supreme of these,
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates :
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he signed the shell :
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names :
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first the mighty Homer shone ;
Eternal adamant composed his throne ;
Father of verse ! in holy fillets dress'd,
His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast ;

Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;
Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall ;
Here, dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and proved the master's fire ;
A strong expression most he seem'd to' affect,
And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art.
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat,
Composed his posture, and his looks sedate ;
On Homer still he fix'd a reverend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead :
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre ;
Æneas bending with his aged sire :
Troy flamed in burning gold, and o'er the throne
'Arms and the man' in golden ciphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanced, and pinions stretch'd for
flight:

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with the' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figured games of Greece the column grace ;
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race :
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;

The champions in distorted postures threat ;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tuned the' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire ;
Pleased with Alcæus' manly rage to' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.

The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace,
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling loves and bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here :
The doves, that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hovering o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sat fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite ;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround ;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone ;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne :
Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand,
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies :
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blazed, magnificently great ;
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam,

With various colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne :
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays. ✕
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gazed,
Till to the roof her towering front she raised.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view :
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told ;
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
A thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
Beneath, in order ranged, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine ;
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string ;
With Time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall,
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd :
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.

Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgraced, and some with honours
Unlike successes equal merits found. [crown'd;
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer;—
' Long have we sought to' instruct and please man—
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind; [kind,
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For fame is all we must expect below.'

The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:—
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud,
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud;
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents the' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address'd the sacred fane:
' Since living virtue is with envy cursed,
And the best men are treated like the worst,

Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed the' exact intrinsic worth.'
' Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes the' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.'

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserved a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of Slander sounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannons rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
' For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood:
Those ills we dared, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.'
' Ambitious' fools! (the queen replied, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
And each majestic phantom sunk in night. [sight,

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien:
'Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But safe in deserts from the' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we lived unseen;
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake.'

'And live there men who slight immortal Fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.'
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
E'en listening angels lean'd from Heaven to hear:
To furthest shores the' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery
dress'd:

'Hither (they cried) direct your eyes and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well;

The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.'

The queen assents: the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies. [press'd

Pleased with the strange success, vast numbers
Around the shrine, and made the same request:

'What, you, (she cried) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and e'en fatigued with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,

Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders! fall,

The people's fable, and the scorn of all.'

Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave a country, or usurp a throne;

Or who their glory's dire foundation laid

On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;

Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;

Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,

And beg to make the' immortal treasons known.

The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,

With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.

At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,

And startled Nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some power unknown

Straight changed the scene, and snatch'd me from the

Before my view appear'd a structure fair, [throne.

Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;

With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;

With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound:

Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes,
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;
Wide and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance—
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighbouring air a soft impression make ;
Another ambient circle then they move ;
That, in its turn, impels the next above ;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favourites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new ;
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confused, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away,
Hosts raised by fear, and phantoms of a day :
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands ;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience stared in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too ;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance ;

Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below :
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force ;
Some to remain, and some to perish soon,
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around a thousand winged wonders fly, [the sky.
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through
There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way ;

And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent;
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie:
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that, unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
'What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?

'Tis true, (said I) not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
The' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envied, wretched; and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profess'd,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fallen ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown:
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY AND MAY.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE lived in Lombardy, as authors write,
 In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;
 Of gentle manners, as of generous race,
 Bless'd with much sense, more riches, and some
 Yet led astray by Venus' soft delights, [grace:
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
 For long ago, let priests say what they could,
 Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
 He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more;
 Whether pure holiness inspired his mind,
 Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
 But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
 And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
 This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
 And to the heavenly powers his constant prayer,
 Once, ere he died, to taste the blissful life
 Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortified with reasons still
 (For none want reasons to confirm their will.)
 Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
 But depth of judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
 Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
 To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life.

Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more :
Unawed by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join ;
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past :
But vainly boast the joys they never tried,
And find divulged the secrets they would hide.
The married man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and Heaven to please ;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day : [mains,
Though Fortune change, his constant spouse re-
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure which envious tongues will
spare ?

Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these slanderous words regard,
But curse the bones of every lying bard.
All other goods by Fortune's hand are given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.
Vain Fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away ;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life :
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and e'en in Paradise unblest'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade.

The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserved of God.

A wife! ah, gentle deities! can he
That has a wife e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:
Abusive Nabal owed his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserved the Jews, and slew the' Assyrian foe:
At Hester's suit the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel lived to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age:
And, charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolved was he,
(As men that ask advice are wont to be).

'My friends, (he cried, and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke),
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am hastening to my end;
How I have lived, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies which I blush to tell;
But gracious Heaven has oped my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease:
But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one,

Choose you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approved by your consent.

‘ One caution yet is needful to be told
To guide your choice ; this wife must not be old :
There goes a saying, and ’twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face :
In that cold season love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed ;
These are too wise for bachelors to wed.
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice married dames are mistresses o’ the’ trade :
But young and tender virgins, ruled with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

‘ Conceive me, sirs, nor take my sense amiss ;
’Tis what concerns my soul’s eternal bliss ;
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows ?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die :
Or were I cursed with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost for which I wed ;
To raise up seed to bless the powers above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I dote ; ’tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life :
Those that are bless’d with store of grace divine,
May live like saints by Heaven’s consent and mine.

‘ And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I’m sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in every part.

Think not my virtue lost, though Time has shed
These reverend honours on my hoary head :
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as
The vital sap then rising from below. [snow,
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, sirs, ye know to what I stand inclined,
Let every friend with freedom speak his mind.'

He said ; the rest in different parts divide ;
The knotty point was urged on either side :
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some praised with wit, and some with reason
blamed.

Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate :
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
' Such prudence, sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves experience dwells with years !
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice :
But, with the wise man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
As still I own your own advice the best.

' Sir, I have lived a courtier all my days,
And studied men, their manners, and their ways ;
And have observed this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.

' Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, " Your honour's in the right."
The' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise
As his mistaken patron to advise,

Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought ;
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, sir, affects not you, whose every word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord :
Your will is mine ; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man ;
At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With reverend dulness and grave impotence.'

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began :—

'A heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of generous principles and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away :
And therefore, sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least :
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil ;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind ;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend ;
And spite of all his praises must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.

Heaven knows I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear;
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by the' immortal powers, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain,
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age:
But at these years to venture on the fair!
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vigorous of us all.
And trust me, sir, the chastest you can choose
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end.'

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, (the knight replies,)
Most worthy kinsman, faith, you're mighty wise!
We, sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
To heathenish authors, proverbs, and old saws.'
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:—
'What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?'

'I say, (quoth he,) by Heaven, the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.'

At this the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full consent, that, all disputes appeased,
The knight should marry, when and where he
pleased.

Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:

Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possess'd,
And reign'd the short-lived tyrant of his breast;
Whilst fancy pictured every lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high
A mirror shows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspersed her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue, bless'd;
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, love is always blind,
But every charm revolved within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
Once more in haste he summon'd every friend,
And told them all their pains were at an end.
' Heaven, that (said he) inspired me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose the' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

' A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, though not rich; and, though not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;

And, thank the powers, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none !
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

‘One only doubt remains : full oft, I’ve heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr’d,
That ’tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of Heaven above, and earth below :
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchanged for these ;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.’

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch’d to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
‘Sir knight, (he cried) if this be all you dread,
Heaven put it past your doubt whene’er you wed ;
And to my fervent prayers so far consent,
That, ere the rites are o’er, you may repent !
Good Heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state ap-
proves,

Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, sir, abandon’d to despair ;
Seek, and perhaps you’ll find among the fair,
One, that may do your business to a hair ;
Not e’en in wish your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way :
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow !
Provided still you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason’s rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute ;

Consult with those, and be of better cheer ;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.'

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd :—
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply ;
The old have interest ever in their eye.

Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind ;
When Fortune favours, still the fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read ;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd ; to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent :
Forth came the priest, and bade the' obedient wife,
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life ;
Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And, placed in state, the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound ;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
Not thus Amphion tuned the warbling lyre, [string.
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamus, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial
train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place :
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
And danced around, and smiled on every knight :

Pleased her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spied
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song,
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day;
The joys are such as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
And darted amorous glances at her lord. [sing,
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king:
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envied Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolved with vast delight
The' entrancing raptures of the' approaching night,
Restless he sat, invoking every power
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went
round.

With odorous spices they perfumed the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the knight's obsequious squire,
Consumed at heart, and fed a secret fire.
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loathed the light of day:—

There let him lie ; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,
Forsook the' horizon, and roll'd down the light ;
While glittering stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests, and as the time required,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retired.

The foe once gone, our knight prepared to' un-
So keen he was, and eager to possess ; [dress,
But first thought fit the' assistance to receive,
Which grave physicians scruple not to give :
Satyrion near, with hot eringoos stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.

By this the sheets were spread, the bride un-
dress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensued beseems not me to say ;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night,
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay :
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast ;
For every labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast ;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell :
Yet hoping time the' occasion might betray,
Composed a sonnet to the lovely May ;

Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had received the sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride,
The good old knight moved slowly by her side.
High mass was sung ; they feasted in the hall ;
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness grieved his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
The' obliging dames obey'd with one consent ;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May :
Where, as she tried his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view !
Then gave his bill, and bribed the powers divine,
With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May ?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay :
The lumpish husband snored away the night,
Till coughs awaked him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in Heaven or Hell :
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful Destiny decreed,
Or did from Chance or Nature's power proceed ;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selectest influence from above ;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame ;

Received, the' impressions of the love-sick squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd;
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale :—Some sages have defined
Pleasure the sovereign bliss of humankind :
Our knight (who studied much, we may suppose)
Derived his high philosophy from those ;
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expense
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence :
His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone ;
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place :
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed romance :
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.

Full in the centre of the flowery ground
A crystal fountain spread its arms around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd :
About this spring (if ancient Fame say true)
The dapper elves their moonlight sports pursue :
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care ;)

For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden door.
To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
He used from noise and business to retreat ;
And here in dalliance spend the livelong day,
Solus cum sola with his sprightly May :
For whate'er work was undischarged abed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.

But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?
How short a space our worldly joys endure!
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
But faithless still, and wavering as the wind!
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
This rich, this amorous, venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on Death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seized his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridged her pleasures, and confined her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,
And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye:
For oh, 'twas fix'd: she must possess or die!
Nor less impatience vex'd her amorous squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
By secret writing to disclose his pain;
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah! gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Though they could see as far as ships can sail?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceived to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procured the key her knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave the' impression to the trusty squire.
By means of this some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What flight is that which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Though watch'd and captive, yet, in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray,
It happ'd that, once upon a summer's day,
Our reverend knight was urged to amorous play:
He raised his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung:

'Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's pass'd; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky,
Fair without spot, whose every charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;

Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.'

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made
To haste before; the gentle squire obey'd:
Secret and undescried he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

' Here let us walk, (he said) observed by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou my wife
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I choose, by Heaven above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now deprived of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age, nor blindness, rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

' Consider then, my lady and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefiled maintain;
And, lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Made your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heaven it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—

Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind ;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind :
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no power to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who that once possess'd those heavenly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms ?

He ceased, and May with modest grace replied ;
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cried)
'Heaven knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you ;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band :
Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear :
'First, may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to Hell alive descend ;
Or die the death I dread no less than Hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plunged into a well,
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came ;
I loathe a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect :
Else why these needless cautions, sir, to me ?
These doubts and fears of female constancy ?
This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.'

Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian kneeling worship'd as she pass'd.

She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh :
’Twas charged with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
Thither the’ obsequious squire address’d his pace,
And, climbing, in the summit took his place ;
The knight and lady walk’d beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

’Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heavenly progress through the Twins had run ;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flowery fields :
Clear was the day, and Phoebus, rising bright,
Had streak’d the azure firmament with light ;
He pierced the glittering clouds with golden
streams,

And warm’d the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The fairies sported on the garden side,
And in the midst their monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp’d the light-foot ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o’er the greensward bound,
That scarce they bent the flowers, or touch’d the
ground.

The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search’d the flowery plain ;
While on a bank reclined of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the king bespoke his queen.

’Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man :
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.

’ Heaven rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun :

All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestowed on thee!
For sagely hast thou said, of all mankind,
One only just and righteous hope to find:
But shouldst thou search the spacious world
Yet one good woman is not to be found. [around,

‘Thus says the king, who knew your wickedness;
The son of Sirach testifies no less.

So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the lecher in the tree,
And well this honourable knight you see:
But since he’s blind and old (a helpless case)
His squire shall cuckold him before your face.

‘Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall scape unpunish’d long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the knight,
And in the very act restore his sight:
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.’

‘And will you so, (replied the queen) indeed?
Now, by my mother’s soul, it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her and for her daughters, I’ll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age;
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion’d on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;

Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

‘What though this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiser wits of later times declare
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are :
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death ;
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Porcia, and Lucretia fell.

‘But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we ?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sovereign goodness dwells in Him alone,
Who only Is, and is but only One.

But grant the worst ; shall women then be weigh'd
By every word that Solomon hath said ?

What though this king (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts ;
He ceased at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol gods, or more.

Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater ;

Whose reign indulgent God, says Holy Writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit ;
David the monarch after Heaven's own mind,
Who loved our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

‘Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak ;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies :
By Heaven, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.’

‘Nay, (quoth the king) dear madam, be not wroth:

I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,
That this much-injured knight again should see,
It must be done—I am a king, (said he)
And one whose faith has ever sacred been—’

‘And so has mine (she said)—I am a queen:
Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list; and you shall find, my lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word.’

We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the knight our story turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay:
This was his song, ‘O kind and constant be,
Constant and kind I’ll ever prove to thee.’

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
By easy steps to where the pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look’d up, and spied her love
Full fairly perch’d among the boughs above.
Shestopp’d, and sighing, ‘O good gods! (she cried)
What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of Heaven’s immortal queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!’

Sore sigh’d the knight to hear his lady’s cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eyesight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?—
‘And must I languish then (she said) and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?’

At least, kind sir, for Charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take ;
Then from your back I might ascend the tree ;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.'

' With all my soul, (he thus replied again)
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.'
With that his back against the trunk he bent:
She seized a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all !
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall :
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refined ;
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you ;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo ! the wondering knight
Look'd out, and stood restored to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent ;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd.
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky :
He cried, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair ;
'Death ! hell ! and furies ! what dost thou do there ?'

'What ails my lord ? (the trembling dame replied)
I thought your patience had been better tried :
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cured the blind ?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree ?
Did I for this the power of magic prove ?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love !'

‘ If this be struggling, by this holy light,
’Tis struggling with a vengeance : (quoth the knight)
So Heaven preserve the sight it has restored,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whored ;
Whored by my slave—perfidious wretch ! may Hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.’

‘ Guard me, good angels ! (cried the gentle May)
Pray Heaven this magic work the proper way !
Alas, my love ! ’tis certain, could you see,
You ne’er had used these killing words to me :
So help me, fates ! as ’tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light.’

‘ What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
For by the’ immortal powers it *seem’d* too plain—’

‘ By all those powers, some frenzy seized your
mind,

(Replied the dame) are these the thanks I find ?
Wretch that I am, that e’er I was so kind !’
She said ; a rising sigh express’d her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell she wiped from either eye
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).

The knight was touch’d ; and in his looks appear’d
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer’d :
‘ Madam, ’tis pass’d, and my short anger o’er !
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more :
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made :
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw ;
By Heaven, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.’

‘ Ah, my loved lord ! ’twas much unkind (she cried)
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your sight’s establish’d, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus, when from sleep we first our eyes display,
 The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
 And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day ;
 So, just recovering from the shades of night,
 Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
 Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before
 your sight.

Then, sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem ;
 Heaven knows how seldom things are what they
 seem !

Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
 'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind :
 Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
 None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.

With that she leap'd into her lord's embrace,
 With well dissembled virtue in her face.
 He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
 Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more :
 Both, pleased and bless'd, renew'd their mutual
 A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse. [vows :

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make :
 Let all wise husbands hence example take ;
 And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
 To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH

Her Prologue.

FROM CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
 And hear with reverence an experienced wife ;
 To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
 And think for once a woman tells you true.

In all these trials I have borne a part :
I was myself the scourge that caused the smart ;
For since fifteen in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days ;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan ;
Fives times in lawful wedlock she was join'd,
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defined.

'Increase and multiply,' was Heaven's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand :
This too, 'Let men their sires and mothers leave,
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave.'
More wives than one by Solomon were tried,
Or else the wisest of mankind's belied.
I've had myself full many a merry fit,
And trust in Heaven I may have many yet ;
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die and leave his woful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declared 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow ;
I grant them that ; and what it means you know.
The same apostle, too, has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for virginity he found :
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity :

Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice ;
I for a few slight spots am not so nice.
Heaven calls us different ways ; on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those :
Not every man 's obliged to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor :
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny ;
But, by your leaves, divines ! so am not I.

Full many a saint, since first the world began,
Lived an unspotted maid, in spite of man :
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heaven,
And use the copious talent it has given :
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckoning every night ;
His proper body is not his, but mine ;
For so said Paul, and Paul 's a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich, and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride ;
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest without much loss I could resign :
Sure to be loved, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace : with showers of gold
They made their court, like Jupiter of old :
If I but smiled, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seized them when I frown'd.
Ye sovereign wives ! give ear and understand :
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command ;
For never was it given to mortal man
To lie so boldy as we women can :

Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

‘Hark, old Sir Paul! (’twas thus I used to say)
Whence is our neighbour’s wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress’d, where’er she’s pleased to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immured at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?

Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?

If I but see a cousin or a friend,

Lord! how you swell and rage like any fiend!

But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,

Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;

Cry wives are false, and every woman evil,

And give up all that’s female to the Devil.

‘If poor (you say) she drains her husband’s purse;

If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;

If highly born, intolerably vain,

Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain;

Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,

Freakish when well, and fretful when she’s sick:

If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,

By pressing youth attack’d on every side;

If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,

Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,

Or else she dances with becoming grace,

Or shape excuses the defects of face.

There swims no goose so gray but, soon or late,

She finds some honest gander for her mate.

‘Horses (thou say’st) and asses men may try,

And ring suspected vessels ere they buy;

But wives, a random choice, untried they take,

They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;

Then, nor till then, the veil’s removed away,

And all the woman glares in open day.

' Youtell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
 Your eyes must always languish on my face,
 Your tongue with constant flatteries feed my ear,
 And tag each sentence with "My life! my dear!"
 If by strange chance a modest blush be raised,
 Be sure my fine complexion must be praised.
 My garments always must be new and gay,
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
 Then must my nurse be pleased, and favourite maid,
 And endless treats and endless visits paid
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies:
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

' On Jenkin, too, you cast a squinting eye:
 What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
 And like the burnished gold his curling hair.
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
 I'd scorn your 'prentice should you die to-morrow.

' Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
 Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
 Sir, I'm no fool, nor shall you, by Saint John,
 Have goods and body to yourself alone.
 One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
 I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
 If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,
 Dear spouse! I credit not the tales they tell:
 Take all the freedoms of a married life;
 I know thee for a virtuous faithful wife."

' Lord! when you have enough what need you
 How merrily soever others fare? [care
 Though all the day I give and take delight,
 Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
 'Tis but a just and rational desire,
 To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

‘ There’s danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.
The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within ;
But once grown sleek will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun :
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad
To show her fur, and to be caterwaul’d.’

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires.
I told them, Thus you say, and thus you do ;
I told them false, but Jenkin swore ’twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain’d whene’er the guilt was mine.
I tax’d them oft with wenching and amours, [doors ;
When their weak legs scarce dragg’d them out of
And swore the rambles that I took by night
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight :
That colour brought me many hours of mirth ;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heaven gave to woman the peculiar grace
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct and this prudent course,
By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail’d, and would be in the right ;
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband’s arm was o’er my side,
‘ What ! so familiar with your spouse ?’ I cried :
I levied first a tax upon his need ;
Then let him—’twas a nicety indeed !
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure ;

For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold:
Yet with embraces curses oft I mix'd,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
E'en though the pope himself had sat at table;
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:
'Billy, my dear! how sheepishly you look:
Approach, my spouse! and let me kiss thy cheek;
Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek.
Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
Well should you practise who so well can teach.
'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
Who puts a period to domestic strife.
One of us two must rule, and one obey;
And since in man right reason bears the sway,
Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
The wives of all my family have ruled
Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
Fie! 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan:
What! would you have me to yourself alone?
Why, take me, love! take all and every part!
Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
Would I vouchsafe to sell what Nature gave,
You little think what custom I could have.
But see! I'm all your own—nay, hold—for shame!
What means my dear?—indeed—you are to
blame.'

Thus with my first three lords I pass'd my life,
A very woman, and a very wife.

What sums from these old spouses I could raise
Procured young husbands in my riper days.
Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail:
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.

But oh, good gods! when'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consumed, the best that now I can
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two:
But all that score I paid.—As how? you'll say.
Not with my body, in a filthy way;
But so I dress'd, and danced, and drank, and dined,
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.

How sore I gall'd him only Heaven could know,
And he that felt, and I that caused the woe :
He died when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem ;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood :
A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures graced
Than that Mausolus' pious widow placed,
Or where enshrined the great Darius lay ;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er ;
So bless the good man's soul ! I say no more.

Now for my fifth loved lord, the last and best ;
(Kind Heaven afford him everlasting rest !)
Full hearty was his love, and I can show
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue ;
Yet with a knock my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in woman reigns !
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains :
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap ;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Allison ;
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall :
Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all : what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.

Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befell, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a-day I to this gossip went ;
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to every church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy masquerade ;
The stations duly and the vigils kept,
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet gay :
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array ;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.

'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engaged my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed ;
I still have shifts against a time of need.
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul. [him,

I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him ;
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown :
All this I said ; but dreams, sirs, I had none :
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we pass'd ;
It pleased the Lord to take my spouse at last,

I tore my gown, I soil'd my looks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the floods of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne ;
Around the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn :
But as he march'd, good gods ! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet so clean, so strong, so fair !
Of twenty winters' age he seem'd to be ;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he ;
But vigorous still, a lively buxom dame,
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A conjurer once, that deeply could divine,
Assured me Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been :
Alas, alas ! that ever love was sin !
Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this powerful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale:—A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land ;
But oft repented, and repent it still ;
He proved a rebel to my sovereign will ;
Nay once, by Heaven ! he struck me on the face.
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lioness was I,
And knew full well to raise my voice on high ;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so in spite of all he swore.
He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes ;

Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duillius' wife ;
And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he say, ' Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's cap and long ears at home.'
All this avail'd not, for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally ;
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning
A certain treatise oft at evening read, [bred)
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound :
Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part ;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's Loves,
And many more than sure the church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives
Than good in all the Bible and Saints' Lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd ? 'Twas a man :
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen :
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now :)

It chanced my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book aloud with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe;
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in the' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire;
How cursed Eriphyle her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid;
But what most pleased him was the Cretan dame
And husband-bull—Oh, monstrous! fie, for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day he knew,
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw,
Who took it patiently, and wiped his head;
'Rain follows thunder,' that was all he said.

He read how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twined
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
'Where grows this plant, (replied the friend) oh!
For better fruit did never orchard bear: [where?
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted it shall be.' [prove,

Then how two wives their lords' destruction
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:
The nimble juice soon seized his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead. [slain,

How some with swords their sleeping lords have
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion:
All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd ;

But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consumed in vain,
Provoked to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.

With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.

I groan'd, and lay extended on my side ;
'Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth, (I cried)
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—'

He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face :
I took him such a box as turned him blue,
Then sigh'd and cried, 'Adieu, my dear, adieu !'

But after many a hearty struggle pass'd, .
I condescended to be pleased at last :
Soon as he said 'My mistress and my wife !
Do what you list the term of all your life ;'
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ;
Received the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue and o'er his hand,
As for the volume that reviled the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now Heaven on all my husbands gone bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below :
That rest they wish'd for grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save !

Imitations of English Poets.

CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,
Yet swinken nat sans secresie.
Thilke moral shall ye understand,
From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Ireland;
Which to the fennes hath him betake,
To filche the grey ducke fro the lake.
Right then there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowses hath he hent,
Not to be spy'd of ladies gent.
'But ho! our nephew,' crieth one;
'Ho! (quoth another) Cozen John;
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out—
This sely clerke full low doth lout:
They asken that, and talken this,
'Lo, here is coz, and here is miss.'
But, as he glozeth with speeches soote,
The ducke sore tickleth his erse roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest
Forth thrust a white neck and red crest.
'Te-hee,' cry'd ladies; clerke nought spake:
Miss stared, and grey ducke crieth 'quaake.'
'O moder, moder! (quoth the daughter)
Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter?
Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
Then trust on mon whose yerde can talke.'

SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

IN every town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
 A narrow pass there is, with houses low,
 Where ever and anon the stream is eyed,
 And many a boat soft sliding to and fro :
 There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
 The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller
 squall :

How can ye, mothers, vex your children so ?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
 And as they crouchen low for bread and butter call.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by :
 And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
 At every door are sunburnt matrons seen,
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry ;
 Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between ;
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neigh-
 bourhood I ween.

The snappish cur (the passenger's annoy)
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies ;
 The whimpering girl, and hoarser screaming boy,
 Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries ;
 The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
 And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound ;
 To her full pipes the grunting hog replies :
 The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
 And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base
 are drown'd.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
 Dwelt Obloquy, who, in her early days,
 Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
 Cod, whiting, oyster, mackerel, sprat, or plaice :
 There learn'd she speech from tongues that never
 cease.

Slander beside her like a magpie chatters,
 With Envy, (spitting cat) dread foe to peace ;
 Like a cursed cur, Malice before her clatters,
 And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to
 tatters.

Her duggs were mark'd by every collier's hand ;
 Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall :
 She scratched, bit, and spared ne lace ne band,
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all ;
 Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call :
 Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,
 Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
 Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch :
 Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
 And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich,
 Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch ;
 Ne village is without, on either side,
 All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are eyed
 Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's
 towery pride.

WALLER.

ON A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR charmer! cease; nor make your voice's prize
 A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes:
 Well might, alas! that threaten'd vessel fail,
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
 We were too bless'd with these enchanting lays,
 Which must be heavenly when an angel plays:
 But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
 Lest heavenly music should be heard alive.
 Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
 Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he.
 A poet made the silent wood pursue;
 This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

ON A FAN OF THE AUTHOR'S DESIGN,

IN WHICH WAS PAINTED THE STORY OF CEPHALUS AND
 PROCRIS, WITH THE MOTTO 'AURA VENI.'

COME, gentle air! the' Æolian shepherd said,
 While Procris panted in the secret shade;
 Come, gentle air! the fairer Delia cries,
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
 Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play;
 In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
 Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound
 Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
 Alike both lovers fall by those they love.

Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
 At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she
 She views the story with attentive eyes, [gives :
 And pities Procris while her lover dies.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muse the flowery treasures sing,
 And humble glories of the youthful Spring ;
 Where opening roses breathing sweets diffuse,
 And soft carnations shower their balmy dews ;
 Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
 The thin undress of superficial light ;
 And varied tulips show so dazzling gay,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.
 Each painted floweret in the lake below
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow ;
 And pale Narcissus, on the bank in vain
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.
 Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
 And mount the hill in venerable rows ;
 There the green infants in their beds are laid,
 The garden's hope, and its expected shade.
 Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
 And vernal honours to their autumn join ;
 Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
 There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
 By laurels shielded from the piercing day :
 Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade ;
 Still turns her beauties from the invading beam,
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.

The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays.

WEeping.

WHILE Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes ;
The sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the ocean first did rise :
And thus through mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day :
So from one cloud soft showers we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The stars that fall from Celia's eye
Declare our doom in drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heaven, the threaten'd world to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears ;
Else might the' ambitious nymph aspire
To set, like him, Heaven too on fire.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

SILENCE ! coëval with eternity ;
Thou wert ere Nature's self began to be,
'Twas one vast nothing all, and all slept fast in thee.

210 IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

Thine was the sway ere Heaven was form'd, or
Earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceived Creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant
forth.

Then various elements against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combined,
And framed the clamorous race of busy humankind.

The tongue moved gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain :
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise !
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise !

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess'd ;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

Silence ! the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame ;
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are
free,
How church and state should be obliged to thee !
At senate and at bar how welcome wouldst thou be !

Yet Speech, e'en there, submissively withdraws
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy
laws.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What favourites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' the' gown,
Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee;
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

EARL OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemisia talks by fits
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things methinks she fails:—
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride,
Are oddly join'd by Fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;

All white and black beside :
 Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
 Her voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
 A prating thing, a magpie hight,
 Majestically stalk ;
 A stately worthless animal,
 That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
 All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind ;
 Open she was and unconfined,
 Like some free port of trade :
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And agents from each foreign state
 Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether the' Italian or the Dutch,
 Spaniards or French, came to her ;
 To all obliging she'd appear ;
 'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
 'Twas *S'il vous plait, Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religions, climes,
 At length she turns a bride :
 In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare)

Still vary shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new titles with new forms ;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.

DR. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
 Are better than the bishop's blessing :
 A wife that makes conserves ; a steed
 That carries double when there's need ;
 October store, and best Virginia,
 Tithe pig, and mortuary guinea ;
 Gazettes sent gratis down and frank'd,
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd ;
 A large concordance, bound long since ;
 Sermons to Charles the First, when prince ;
 A chronicle of ancient standing ;
 A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in :
 The Polyglot—three parts—my text,
 Howbeit—likewise—now to my next :
 Lo, here the Septuagint—and Paul,
 To sum the whole—the close of all.

He that has these may pass his life,
 Drink with the squire, and kiss his wife ;
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill,
 And fast on Fridays—if he will ;
 Toast church and queen, explain the news,
 Talk with churchwardens about pews,
 Pray heartily for some new gift,
 And shake his head at Doctor Swift.

EPISTLE
TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.
BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

Advertisement.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of 'Verses to the Imitator of Horace,' and of an 'Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court'] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family; whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment: and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend, to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

P. 'SHUT, shut the door, good John! (fatigued,
 I said)
 Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.'

The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt
 All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can
 hide?

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
 No place is sacred, not the church is free,
 E'en Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me:
 Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
 Happy to catch me—just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
 Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
 All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
 Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
 And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
 If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
 Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
 And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
 I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish and an aching head,
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, 'Keep your peace nine years.'

'Nine years!' cries he, who, high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
 Obligated by hunger and request of friends:

'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
 I'm all submission; what you'd have it—make it.'

Three things another's modest wishes bound;—
 'My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.'

Pitholeon sends to me: 'You know his grace:
 I want a patron; ask him for a place.'

Pitholeon libell'd me—'But here's a letter
 Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
 He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine.'

Bless me! a packet.—'Tis a stranger sues,
 A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse.'

If I dislike it, 'Furies, death, and rage!'

If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.'

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends. [it,

Fired that the house rejects him, 'Sdeath, I'll print
 And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with

Lintot.'

Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much:

'Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'

All my demurs but double his attacks;

At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go snacks.'

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;

'Sir, let me see your works and you no more.'

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king)

His very minister who spied them first
(Some say his queen) was forced to speak or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous
things;

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing.—*P.* Nothing! if they bite and kick?
Out with it, *Dunciad*! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, *Codrus*, round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb
through,

He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain;
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer
Lost the arch'd eyebrow or *Parnassian* sneer?
And has not *Colley* still his lord and whore?
His butchers *Henley*? his free-masons *Moore*?

Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit? [fend.
Still Sappho—*A.* Hold! for God's sake—you'll of-
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall; [all.
But foes like these—*P.* One flatterer's worse than
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe!'

There are who to my person pay their court:—
I cough like Horace; and, though lean, am short;
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and 'Sir! you have an eye—'
Go on, obliging creatures! make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal Maro held his head:'
And, when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came:
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life;

To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
'A painted mistress, or a purling stream.'
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still:
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd; I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite;
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds:
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,

E'en such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry : I excused them too ;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear, [year ;
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a
He who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left ;
And he who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning ;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad ;
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe !
And swear not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease ;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne ;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading e'en fools; by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause;
 While wits and templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What though my name stood rubric on the walls
 Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
 Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
 I sought no homage from the race that write;
 I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
 Poems I heeded (now be-rhymed so long)
 No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song.
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
 Nor like a puppy daggled through the town,
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
 Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side;
 But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
 Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill:
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song.

His library (where busts of poets dead,
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Received of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat :
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise ;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder !) came not nigh ;
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye :
But still the great have kindness in reserve ;
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey-goose
May every Bavius have his Bufo still ! [quill !
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple Pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !
Bless'd be the great ! for those they take away,
And those they left me—for they left me Gay ;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn !

Oh ! let me live my own, and die so too !
(To live and die is all I have to do)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books, I
Above a patron, though I condescend [please ;
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs ;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers ;

Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens ! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me ? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
'I found him close with Swift'—'Indeed ? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.'
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will ;

'No, such a genius never can lie still :'
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will, or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltless I ! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style ?

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear !
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out ;
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame ;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love ;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend ;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray ;
Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there ;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie ;

A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—*A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?
Satire of sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppets squeak,
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all see-saw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,

Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;
That flattery, e'en to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
The' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome e'en the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave to me in every state;
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a gaol;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:

This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhymed for Moore.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?—
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
To please a mistress, one aspersed his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleased, except his will;
Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and Muse:
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool;
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own;

And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age:
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;

His life, though long, to sickness past unknown
 His death was instant and without a groan.
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die !
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
 O friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine :
 Me, let the tender office long engage
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death ;
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky !
 On cares like these, if length of days attend,
 May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my
 friend !

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he served a queen.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
 Thus far was right,—the rest belongs to Heaven,

[For the SATIRES, see page 4, vol. 37.]

MISCELLANIES.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

An Eclogue.

CARDELIA, SMILINDA, LOVET.

CARD. THE basset-table spread, the tallier come,
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph ! the tallier waits for you.

SMIL. Ah, madam ! since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once adored Alpheu.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft deluding air, [fair.
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the listening

CARD. Is this the cause of your romantic strains ?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains :
As you by love, so I by fortune cross'd ;
One, one bad deal, three septlevas have lost.

SMIL. Is that the grief which you compare with
With ease the smiles of fortune I resign : [mine ?
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARD. A lover lost is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare :
The knave of clubs thrice lost ; oh ! who could
guess

This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress ?

SMIL. See Betty Lovet ! very *à-propos*,
She all the cares of love and play does know :

Dear Betty shall the' important point decide ;
Betty ! who oft the pain of each has tried ;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

LOV. Tell, tell your griefs, attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARD. Behold this equipage, by Mathers
wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought.
See on the toothpick Mars and Cupid strive,
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face ;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.
Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissors shine,
The metal and the workmanship divine.

SMIL. This snuff-box—once the pledge of
Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove ;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won ;
Then first his passion was in public shown :
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This snuff-box—on the hinge see brilliants shine,
This snuff-box will I stake the prize is mine.

CARD. Alas ! far lesser losses than I bear
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And, oh ! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance I took the queen he gave,
Though my own secret wish was for the knave :
The knave won sonica, which I had chose,
And the next pull my septleva I lose.

SMIL. But, ah ! what aggravates the killing
smart,
The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart ;

This cursed Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear ;
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.
 An awkward thing when first she came to town,
 Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown :
 She was my friend ; I taught her first to spread
 Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red ;
 I introduced her to the park and plays,
 And by my interest Cozens made her stays.
 Ungrateful wretch ! with mimic airs grown pert,
 She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.

CARD. Wretch that I was, how often have I
 swore

When Winnall tallied, I would punt no more !
 I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
 And see the folly which I cannot shun.

SMIL. How many maids have Sharper's vows
 deceived ?

How many cursed the moment they believed ?
 Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove ;
 Ah ! what is warning to a maid in love ? [form'd,

CARD. But of what marble must that breast be
 To gaze on basset and remain unwarm'd ?
 When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank,
 Exposed in glorious heaps, the tempting bank,
 Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train,
 The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain ;
 In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
 They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye :
 Fired by the sight, all reason I disdain,
 My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
 Look upon basset, you who reason boast,
 And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMIL. What more than marble must that heart
compose,

Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful love seems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
He loves—I whisper to my myself, he loves!
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all memory of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
Think of that moment, you who prudence boast;
For such a moment prudence well were lost.

CARD. At the Groom-porter's batter'd bullies
play,

Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away;
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To basset's heavenly joys and pleasing cares?

SMIL. Soft Simplicetta dotes upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show:
Their several graces in my Sharper meet,
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOV. Cease your contention, which has been
too long;

I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side;
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree:—
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, &c.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)
 Two travellers found an oyster in their way :
 Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
 While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.
 Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
 Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
 Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
 The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
 ' There take, (says Justice) take ye each a shell.
 We thrive at Westminster on fools like you :
 'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—Adieu.'

ANSWER

TO

THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOWE.

WHAT is prudery ?

'Tis a beldam,
 Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows ;
 'Tis (no 'tis n't) like Miss Meadows.
 'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
 Old, and void of all good nature ;
 Lean and fretful ; would seem wise,
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.
 'Tis an ugly envious shrew,
 That rails at dear Lepell and you.

OCCASIONED BY
SOME VERSES
 OF

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

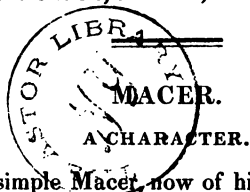
MUSE, 'tis enough, at length thy labour ends,
 And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
 Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
 Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;
 This more than pays whole years of thankless pain;
 Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
 Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
 And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT, IN 1733,
 WHEN HE WAS OLD, BLIND, AND IN GREAT DIS-
 TRESS, A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

As when that hero, who in each campaign
 Had braved the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
 Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
 Wept by each friend, forgiven by every foe;
 Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
 But pitied Belisarius old and blind?
 Was there a chief, but melted at the sight?
 A common soldier, but who clubb'd his mite?
 Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
 When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies;
 Dennis! who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
 Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns;

A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
 Against the gothic sons of frozen verse!
 How changed from him who made the boxes groan,
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
 Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the pope!
 If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
 If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
 If there's a senior who contemns this age;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's, friend.



WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
 First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
 'Twas all the' ambition his high soul could feel
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele:
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these he ventured on the town,
 And with a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
 There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
 But has the wit to make the most of little;
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
 So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd,
 Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid;

Awkward and supple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a day ;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely liked for her simplicity :
In a translated suit then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins and patches not her own ;
But just endured the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan :
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

SONG.

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

1733.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid ! o'er my heart ;
I a slave in thy dominions :
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth !
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia ! tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair Discretion ! string the lyre ;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers ;
Bright Apollo ! lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto ! king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Mæander
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate ;
See the bird of Juno stooping ;
Melody resigns to fate.



ON

A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon ;
(Envy, be silent and attend !)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend :

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly ;
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

‘ Has she not faults then, (Envy says) sir ?
Yes, she has one, I must aver ;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman’s deaf, and does not hear.

ON HIS

GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND
MINERALS.

THOU who shalt stop where Thames’ translucent
wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shady cave ;
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill ;
Unpolish’d gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow ;
Approach. Great Nature studiously behold !
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach ; but awful ! lo ! the’ Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought,
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through March-
mont’s soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and the poor.

ON RECEIVING FROM THE RIGHT HON.
THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS¹.

Yes, I beheld the' Athenian queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
' And take, (she said, and smiled serene)
Take at this hand celestial arms:
' Secure the radiant weapons wield;
This golden lance shall guard desert,
And if a vice dares keep the field,
This steel shall stab it to the heart.'
Awed, on my bended knees I fell,
Received the weapons of the sky,
And dipp'd them in the sable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.
' What well? what weapon? (Flavia cries)
A standish, steel, and golden pen!
It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;
I gave it you to write again.
' But, friend! take heed whom you attack;
You'll bring a house (I mean of peers)
Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
L** and all about your ears.
' You'd write as smooth again on glass,
And run on ivory so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
Nor stop at flattery or fib.

¹ These lines were occasioned by the poet's being threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for writing the Epilogue to Dr. Donne's Satires.

‘ Athenian queen ! and sober charms !
 I tell ye, fool ! there’s nothing in’t :
 ’Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms ;—
 In Dryden’s Virgil see the print.

 ‘ Come, if you’ll be a quiet soul,
 That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
 I’ll list you in the harmless roll
 Of those that sing of these poor eyes.’

TO

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE¹.

IN beauty or wit,
 No mortal as yet
 To question your empire has dared ;
 But men of discerning
 Have thought that, in learning,
 To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools,
 With musty dull rules,
 Have reading to females denied :
 So papists refuse
 The Bible to use,
 Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

¹ This panegyric on Lady Mary Wortley Montague might have been suppressed by Mr. Pope, on account of her having satirized him in her *Verses to the Imitator of Horace* ; which abuse he returned in the first Satire of the second book of *Horace* :

From furious Sappho, scarce a milder fate,
 Pox’d by her love, or libel’d by her hate.

'Twas a woman at first,
 (Indeed she was cursed)
 In knowledge that tasted delight,
 And sages agree
 The laws should decree
 To the first of possessors the right.
 Then bravely, fair dame,
 Resume the old claim,
 Which to your whole sex does belong ;
 And let men receive,
 From a second bright Eve,
 The knowledge of right, and of wrong.
 But if the first Eve
 Hard doom did receive,
 When only one apple had she,
 What a punishment now
 Shall be found out for you,
 Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree ?

TO THE AUTHOR

OF A PANEGYRIC ON MRS. GRACE BUTLER,
 WHO DIED, AGED 86.

[The Spirit of Mrs. Butler is supposed to speak.]

STRIPP'D to the naked soul, escaped from clay,
 From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolved in day ;
 Unarm'd by vanity ; unreach'd by strife ;
 And all my hopes and fears thrown off by life ;
 Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,
 And, though unbodied, conscious of thy praise ?
 Has pride a portion in the parted soul ?
 Does passion still the formless mind control ?

Can gratitude outpant the silent breath?
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the glooms of death?
No,—'tis a spirit's nobler taste of bliss!
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;
That not its own applause, but thine, approves;
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves!
Who livest, to crown departed friends with fame!
Then, dying late, shalt all thou gavest reclaim.

INSCRIPTION

ON A GROTTTO OF SHELLS AT CRUX-EASTON, THE
WORK OF NINE YOUNG LADIES.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty which Nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate disposed them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

A DIALOGUE.

POPE. SINCE my old friend is grown so great,
As to be minister of state,
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope.

CRAGGS. Alas! If I am such a creature,
To grow the worse for growing greater;
Why faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

VERSES LEFT BY MR. POPE,

ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME BED WHICH WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER, USED AT ATTERBURY, A SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLE'S IN OXFORDSHIRE, JULY 9, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fired,
 I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
 That here he loved, or here expired,
 Begets no numbers grave or gay.
 But in thy roof, Argyle, are bred
 Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie,
 Stretch'd out in Honour's nobler bed,
 Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.
 Such flames as high in patriots burn,
 Yet stoop to bless a child, or wife;
 And such as wicked kings may mourn,
 When freedom is more dear than life.

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE,

UPON READING THE PREAMBLE TO THE PATENT
 CREATING HIM DUKE OF GREENWICH.

MINDLESS of Fate, in these low vile abodes,
 Tyrants have oft usurp'd the style of gods:
 But that the mortal may be thought divine,
 The herald straight new-model'd all his line;
 And venal priest, with well-dissembled lie,
 Preambled to the crowd the mimic deity.
 Not so great Saturn's son, imperial Jove,
 He reigns, unquestion'd, in his realms above;
 No title from descent he need infer,
 His red right arm proclaims the thunderer.

This, Campbell, be thy pride, illustrious peer,
 Alike to shine distinguish'd in thy sphere.
 All merit but thine own thou may'st disdain,
 And kings have been thine ancestors in vain.

EPIGRAM ON MRS. TOFTS,

A HANDSOME WOMAN WITH A FINE VOICE, BUT VERY
 COVETOUS AND PROUD ¹.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
 As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus
 along;
 But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
 That the beasts must have starved, and the poet
 have died.

EPIGRAM

ON ONE WHO MADE LONG EPITAPHS ².

FREIND, for your Epitaphs I'm grieved,
 Where still so much is said;
 One half will never be believed,
 The other never read.

¹ This epigram, first printed anonymously in Steele's Collection, and copied in the Miscellanies of Swift and Pope, is ascribed to Pope by Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music.—Mrs. Tofts, who was the daughter of a person in the family of Bishop Burnet, is celebrated as a singer little inferior, either for her voice or manner, to the best Italian women. She lived at the introduction of the opera into this kingdom, and sung in company with Nicolini; but, being ignorant of Italian, chanted her recitative in English, in answer to his Italian; yet the charms of their voices overcame the absurdity.

² It is not generally known that the person here meant was Dr. Freind, head master of Westminster-school.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PAINTING FOR ME THE STATUES OF APOLLO,
VENUS, AND HERCULES.

WHAT god, what genius did the pencil move
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas Friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as
And strong as Hercules. [Love,

A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

1715.

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!

Thy fools no more I'll tease:

This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,

Ye harlots, sleep at ease.

Soft B—— and rough C——, adieu!

Earl Warwick, make your moan,

The lively H——k and you

May knock up whores alone:

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd

Till the third watchman toll;

Let Jervas gratis paint, and Frowde

Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery

On every learned sot,

And Garth, the best good Christian he,

Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;

Farewell, unhappy Tonson!

Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,

Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.
The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.
My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y—r's sold for fifty pound,
And B——ll is a jade.
Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls seven hours in eight?
I need but once a week.
Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.
Solicitous for other ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.
Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For salads, tarts, and pease!
Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

EPIGRAM.

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG, WHICH I GAVE
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew ;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you ?

EPIGRAM.

OCCASIONED BY AN INVITATION TO COURT.

IN the lines that you sent are the Muses and
Graces ;
You've the Nine in your wit, and the Three in
your faces.

ON AN OLD GATE

ERECTED IN CHISWICK GARDENS.

O GATE, how camest thou here ?
GATE. I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather.
Inigo Jones put me together.
Sir Hans Sloane,
Let me alone :
Burlington brought me hither.
1742.

A FRAGMENT.

AH, friend ! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
 In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
 In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes,
 Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens :
 Joy lives not here,—to happier seats it flies,
 And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
 What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
 The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
 But soft recesses for uneasy minds,
 To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds !
 So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
 Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart,
 He, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
 Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

 VERSES TO MR. C.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE.

LONDON, OCTOBER 22.

FEW words are best ; I wish you well ;
 Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here :
 Some morning-walks along the Mall,
 And evening friends, will end the year.
 If, in this interval, between
 The falling leaf and coming frost,
 You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
 Your friend, your poet, and your host ;
 For three whole days you here may rest,
 From office, business, news, and strife ;
 And (what most folks would think a jest)
 Want nothing else, except your wife.

EPITAPHS.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere! VIRG.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM, SUSSEX.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of Nature, died !
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state :
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd satirist ! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too. [please,
Bless'd courtier ! who could king and country
Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease.
Bless'd peer ! his great forefathers' every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race ;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets, shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO
KING WILLIAM III.

*Who, having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement at
Easthamsted, Berkshire, 1716.*

A PLEASING form, a firm, yet cautious, mind ;
Sincere, though prudent ; constant, yet resign'd :
Honour unchanged, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest :

An honest courtier, yet a patriot too,
 Just to his prince, and to his country true:
 Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
 A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
 A generous faith, from superstition free,
 A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
 Such this man was; who now from earth removed,
 At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT,

At the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
 Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear;
 Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
 Or gave his father grief but when he died.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
 If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
 Oh! let thy once-loved friend inscribe thy stone,
 And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS,

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR

ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.

OB. FEB. XVI. M.DCC.XX.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear!

Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse beloved.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THY reliques, Rowe ! to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust :
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest !
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love, too, bless'd !
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense:
No conquest she but o'er herself desired,
No arts essay'd but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refined,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried ;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE
**HON. R. DIGBY AND OF HIS SISTER
 MARY,**

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER LORD DIGBY,

In the Church of Sherborne, Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom and pacific truth :
 Composed in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great :
 Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear :
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of humankind !
 Go live ! for Heaven's eternal year is thine ;
 Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.

And thou, bless'd maid ! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known !
 Go where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
 These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive ;
 'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give !

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven, and not a master taught,
 Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures thought ;
 Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,

Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

1729.

HERE, Withers! rest; thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of humankind.

Oh, born to arms! O worth in youth approved!
O soft humanity, in age beloved!

For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age;
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED, BERKS.

1730.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, 'Here lies an honest man!'
A poet bless'd beyond the poet's fate, [great;
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with Science in the vale of Peace.

Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
 Thank'd Heaven that he had lived, and that he died.

ON MR. GAY.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
 With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted e'en among the great:
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—'Here lies Gay!'

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS,

QUEM IMMORTALEM

TESTANTUR, TEMPUS, NATURA, CŒLUM:

MORTALEM

HOC MARMOR FATETUR.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
 God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE. YES, we have lived—One pang, and then we part!

May Heaven, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet, ah! how once we loved, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE. Dear shade! I will :
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—‘ Save my country, Heaven!’—he said, and died.



ON

EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE 19TH YEAR OF HIS AGE, 1735.

IF modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from Fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state,
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approved;
The senate heard him, and his country loved.
Yet softer honours and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:

In whom a race, for courage famed and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

FOR ONE

WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMIN-
STER ABBEY.

HEROES and kings ! your distance keep ;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you :
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.

UNDER this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will ;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er cared, and cares not, a pin
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within ;
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was he shall be.

LORD CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH.

HERE lies Lord Coningsby—be civil ;
The rest God knows—so does the Devil.

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

PERHAPS BY MR. POPE¹.

RESPECT to Dryden, Sheffield justly paid,
 And noble Villers honour'd Cowley's shade:
 But whence this Barber?—that a name so mean
 Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen:
 This pyramid would better far proclaim,
 To future ages humbler Settle's name:
 Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
 The city printer, and the city bard.

¹ Mr Pope, in one of the prints from Scheemaker's monument of Shakspeare in Westminster Abbey, has sufficiently shown his contempt of Alderman Barber, by the following couplet, which is substituted in the place of "The cloud-capp'd towers, &c."

Thus Britain loved me; and preserved my fame,
 Clear from a Barber's or a Benson's name. A. POPE.

Pope might probably have suppressed his satire on the alderman, because he was one of Swift's acquaintances and correspondents; though in the fourth book of the *Dunciad* he has an anonymous stroke at him:

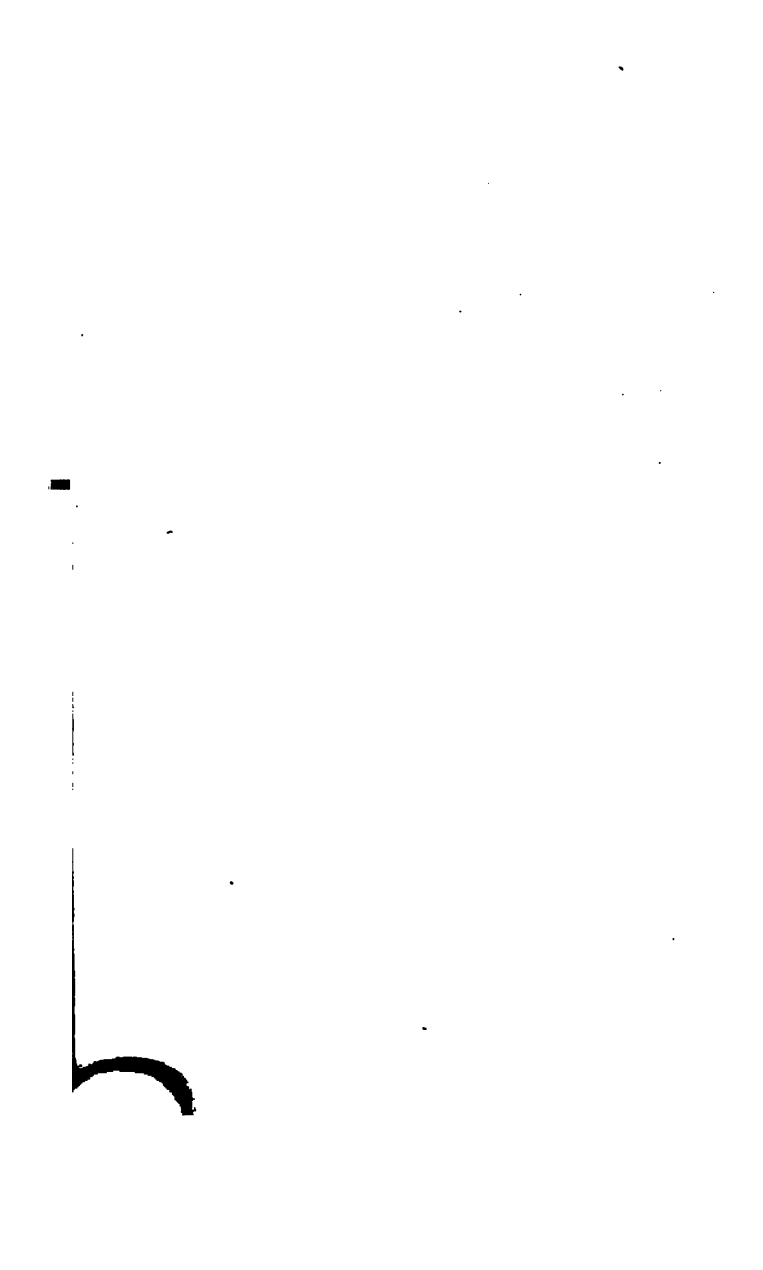
So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
 A heavy lord shall hang at every wit.

END OF VOL. XXXVI.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.











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